

I can't, I think, deny thy first Request,

'Tis thine: but first a Bumper to the best.

PARSON. To ask the Living, when I hope, if Heaven should please to take him hence.

Most noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your Wine,
How pleasing's the Condition you assign?

Give me the sparkling Glass, I and here, d'ye see?

With Joy I drink it on my bridged Knee!

Great Queen! who governest this earthly Ball!

And mak'st both Kings, and Kingdoms, rise and fall;

Whose wondrous Pow'r 's in secret, all Things rules,

Makes Fools of mighty Peers, and Peers of Fools:

Dispenses Miters, Coronets and Stars?

Involves far distant Realms in bloody Wars,

Then bids Wars shak'y Tresses cease to hiss,

And gives them Peace again — * nay gav'st us this:

Whose Health does Health to all Mankind impart,

Here's to thy much lov'd Health;

'SQUIRE, Rubbing his Hands,

With all my Heart.

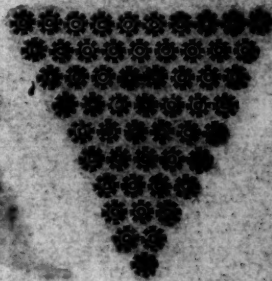
I love a good Glass, a merry song, or story.

* Madam de P—mp—dour.

Talk no more Nonense then about the Creed.
F I N I S.

PATHETICK ADDRESS
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TO ALL
TRUE BRITONS,
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Dulce et Decorum est, pro Patria Mori.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SCOTT, at the BLACK-SWAN, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

PATHEICK ADDRESS

TO ALL

TRUE BRITONS

Date of Decree of the Parliament



LONDON

Printed for J. Gower, at the Black-Swan, in Little Britain

Pathetick Address, &c.

O ! Where, *Britannia*, are thy Worthies fled ?
Are all thy Heroes, and thy Patriots dead ?
No Son of Thine, to stem thy adverse Tide,
None who will emulate the *Roman* Pride !
None who, like valiant *SCÆVOLA*, will dare,
To punish on themselves, Mistakes in War ?
Upon himself this Pain he did inflict,
To burn that Hand did the Mistake commit.
PORSENA living ! (to himself he cry'd)
Only his Servant by my Error dy'd !
Behold, O *Rome* ! see, and be satisfy'd.
His Fortitude *PORSENA* did admire,
And Friendship with the *Romans* did desire ;
Restor'd his Sword, dismiss'd him with Applause,
And from that Time, espoused Freedom's Cause,
Forgave th' Attempt upon his Life was made,
Nor longer would Tyrannick *TARQUIN* aid.
No bold *Britannicus* ! himself an Host,
Who can regain the Glory Thou hast lost !
No one who does thy real Int'rest Prize,
And for thy sake all Dangers can despise !
No ties of Kindred, nor vile hopes of Wealth,
No Care of heaping Millions up by Stealth,
Shou'd in a Patriot's Breast have any Part.
His Country's Welfare shou'd ingross his Heart ;
Free from each other Thought, but how to raise
Her sinking Credit, and deserve her Praise.
Rome had her *Fabii*, and *Horatii* too,
Who made proud *Alba*, and great *Carthage*, bow.

No ties of Blood, or Nature, can prevent,
 Heroick Souls on Glory still intent ;
 Their only Object is their Country's good,
 Fearless, for Her, to spill their dearest Blood.
 His Brothers Death, by the *Curatii* slain,
 Leaves three to one* upon the doubtful Plain ;
 By a feign'd Flight, he first them seperates,
 Then from his valiant Hand they find their Fates.
 Had he not fled, *Alba* had overcome,
 But by his Conduct, now she stoops to *Rome*.
 The *Fabii* too, a small devoted Band,
 To succour Her, not one withholds his Hand ;
 Upon her Frontiers, dauntless they remain,
 Till, for *Rome's* Glory, every one was slain.
 In after Times brave *Maximus* arose,
 Whom they Dictator of their Armies chose,
 When *Hannibal* into their Bowels came,
 And did all *Italy* with War inflame ;
 The *Romans* fear'd, from him, to find their Doom,
 Till he, by the Great *Fabius*, was o'ercome :
 Tho' Caution made him of his Troops take Care,
 His Conduct and his Valour did appear,
 When He his Colleague from their Snares did clear.
 We of our *Edwards*, and our *Henrys* boast,
 Who drove the *French*, inglorious, from our Coast ;
 Took their King Pris'ner, did their Realm subdue,
 Tho' now they seem so much too hard for you !
 Sure, thy great Genius will at length awake,
 And some Great Worthy venture for thy sake,
 Some *Briton* born in thy Defence advance,
 And arm *Britannia's* Sons to humble *France* :
 'Tis to thyself, thou must thy Safety owe,
 What all the World allied can never do ;
 For when, of old, thou sought'st for foreign Aid,
 Thou by their dear-bought Friendship, wert betray'd,
 As oft subdued, by *Saxon*, and by *Dane*,
 Whom you as Friends at first did entertain.
 Let past Mistakes now warn you to be wise !
 Call forth your Sons, O let them all arise !

'Tis

'Tis not for Riches, Empire, or Renown,
 But to defend what-ever is your own:
 Your Life, your Liberty, your All's at Stake,
 Fight for your Wives, and for your Children's Sake!
 Scorn to be press'd, ye able Seamen fly,
 And for admittance in our Ships apply;
 With generous Ardour let your Bosoms burn,
 And grateful Praise your Country shall return;
 With ample Pay your Labours shall Reward,
 And treat each Sailor with his due Regard:
 O! Sons of *Mars*! 'tis *Pallas* now inspires,
 Fills all your Mind, your martial Courage fires;
 Fill up your Squadrons, animate the Throng,
 And tell your Soldiers, as they go along,
 'Tis to defend what-ever they have dear,
 Their Loves, their Lives, their Freedom too, I fear!
 Inspire their manly Souls with all that's bold,
 And let them be encourag'd, tho' controul'd;
 You'll see them dauntless thro' all Dangers run,
 Nor will they let their Country be undone;
 Nor ev'n the thund'ring Cannons Fury shun:
 Such generous Warmth *Britannia's* Sons must feel!
 If your fresh Wounds you ever hope to heal.
 My Business is not all our Faults t' explore,
 Nor tell of Vermine that consume our Store;
 My whole Ambition is your Souls t' inspire,
 And make your Country's Good your whole Desire;
 Your generous Hearts with wonted Fury glow,
 And pour your Rage in Torrents on the Foe;
 All here shou'd join, nor sep'rate Parties know!
 True Patriots have none; 'tis the Nation's Good,
 That with a genial Warmth inspires their Blood;
Britannia's Wrongs alone shou'd move their Mind,
 And in her Favour every Act design'd;
 The Sailor, and the Soldier too shou'd be,
 Inspir'd with Zeal, to keep the Nation free,
 And gladly spill their Blood for Liberty.

Sure

Sure, some great Gen'ral, by his Troops belov'd,
 Must at our common Danger now be mov'd ;
 And some brave Admiral, to Sailors dear,
 Kind to their Merits, tho' to Faults severe,
 At such a Time as this, will crave Command,
 And by their Valour save their Native Land.
 All is not lost, O hasten then to save !
 You, who wou'd justly wear the Name of brave,
 Lift' to your Country's Cry, behold her moan,
 Her Sorrow, for the Loss of *Port-Mahon* :
 What cou'd be done, her *Blakeney* bravely did,
 But where's the Fault, that from our Eyes is hid :
 Nor shall my Muse, presume to cast the blame
 On any, or pretend to give a Name
 Of Infamy, for future Times to see
 A Son of Hers could so degenerate be.
 But as 'tis lost, each *British* Heart must mourn,
 And his whole Thought to keep *Gibraltar* turn :
 Nay, our own Coasts are not from Danger free,
 Should *France* once get Superiority,
 And have the better of our Ships at Sea.
 Say, who can coolly view this moving Scene !
 When the *French* Fleet e'n now may be between
 That Fortrefs, which we long have made our boast,
 A noble Barrier, on the *Spanish* Coast.
 O ! for another *Rook* that might arise !
 Brave, and Humane, in Naval Actions wise,
 To save that Fortrefs, which his Valour won,
 Where Prudence join'd with Martial Courage shone,
 We then might hope, we shou'd Destruction shun.
 But we forget, she can't so barren be,
 As to want those who'l bravely set her free ;
 More, more by far, than I have Pow'r to name,
 Who justly may a Patriot's Honour claim.
 Our Senators for Counsel long renown'd,
 Will 'wake, will rouse, at this dread horrid Sound ;
 They will address, petition, and implore,
 The *British* Lion may be heard to roar,
 And drive the *French* far distant from our Shore.

Our Shipwrights due Encouragement shall have,
 They'l not be wanting, e'n themselves to save :
 Here is no Gulph, nor Oracles declare
 One Man's devoted Head shall stop the War :
 Or, if there was, more easy were our Case.
 How wou'd the Brave contend to have the Grace!
 Like that great *Roman*, who, in Arms compleat,*
 Rode to the dreadful Yawn, and met his Fate.
 But now, they scarce believe, altho' they see,
 That They Inferior to their Vassals be!
 Awake ! thou Guardian Genius of our Isle,
 Awake ! ye Warriors bred to martial Toil ;
 Ye hardy Sailors, and ye Sons of *Mars*,
 Fly to *Britannia's* Aid, partake her Cares ;
 Make it your Glory, to support her Wars.
 Methinks ! I see a num'rous Train descend,
 And on the Beach their armed Ranks extend ;
 Guarding the Coast ; see *Dover* Castle full,
 And Ev'ry Fortrefs, betwixt that and *Hull* ;
 A pow'rful Fleet I in our Channel see,
 To scour the Coast, and to defend our Sea.
 The Eyes of *Britain* on our Senate are,
 All free-born Subjects in her Cause declare,
 And all her genuine Sons are Patriots there.
 For what (I hear them) O ! for what (they cry)
 Shou'd we our Money at this Time deny,
 Can Strangers conquer, or true *Britons* fly ?
 Awake ! awake ! to Freedom's glorious Cause,
 Let the *French* know, you still can give them Laws ;
 If you sleep on, untill *Gibraltar's* gone,
 You'll only 'wake to find yourselves undone.
 Select a Hero, who in Arms is bold,
 Humane, and Good, Prudent, and open-soul'd ;
 Who will be stern, and awful to your Foe,
 But who, nor Fraud, nor Cruelty can know ;

* M. CURTIUS,

True